

The Wrong Murderer

By HUGH CLEVELY

SYNOPSIS: Ruth Fraser has failed to reach Terence Mahoney, who has been betrayed by the kidnapers. A witness, Lawson, and Ruth's guardian, Lee-Ramsden, and so has dashed to save the girl. Terence is leading against Lawson that the latter is about to ambush them. Ruth has hidden in the house and a terrible fight has ensued. Fatty Bassett, Terence's second in command, is arranging an escape through a pawnshop he controls, next door to his house. For the hat, he has been given away by Barney Flynn, who knocked one of Lawson's men through a window into the street.

Chapter 22 THE POLICE

"THAT'S all right, Mr. Bassett," said Eli. "You been in my back room smokin' my cigars. The furniture van is in the back yard."

"Have it brought right up against the back yard at once," ordered Bassett. "An' bring me a big sheet."

He called up the stairs to Barney and Chippy: "Come on, you fellows. You got to get away quick. The police may want to search this 'ouse as well as next door."

Fatty's plans were simple and efficient. Lake's bound figure, wrapped in a big sheet, was thrust quickly into the covered back of the van; Barney and Chippy got in with him.

Within a minute of the time when the men had entered the house, the furniture van glided away from the back door and was lost to sight in the traffic. Fatty sat down solemnly in Eli's back room, lit a cigar, and began to take a great interest in a set of power tankards.

Ruth, hidden behind the curtain in the house next door, heard the crash as the man Barney hit went through the window, and saw something dark and heavy fall past the window of the room in which she was hiding.

Very cautiously she peered through the window to see what it was. Lying on the pavement outside the house was the body of a man. The crowd which had assembled round her car was now assembling round the fallen man, and growing in numbers every minute; from outside the house came a babel of excited conversation.

Very softly she left the room and peered up the stairs. She could hear nothing. For a moment she hesitated. Then, nerving herself determinedly for the effort, she mounted the stairs to the small landing. A door was open, and she stepped forward and looked into the room beyond.

What she saw made her shrink back suddenly with a gasp of horror. On the floor were lying the figures of three men. Police whistles were blowing in the street; there was a sound of banging on the front door of the house. Ruth went back on to the landing outside the room.

"Mr. Bassett! Mr. Bassett!" she called. But there was no answer. She was alone in the house with the three men lying on the floor of that room.

Swiftly she descended the stairs. The front door was giving; in a moment it would burst open. She must not be found in that house. She went down the steps to the basement and crossed the kitchen to the back door. Luck was with her; no one was there. A few seconds later she was walking quickly along the street away from the house.

BUT though she was free for the moment, she realized that she was in a terrible position. The police would know that man had been in the house when that man's death took place; her car was still outside the front door.

If only, she thought desperately, she could find Mahoney; he would be able to tell her what she ought to do. Perhaps he would be at his rooms by now. She entered a telephone-box and rang up his number, but his landlady told her he had not yet returned.

At last she thought of a plan. A letter written and posted to Mahoney now would reach him by the evening post. She must write to him and tell him of her plight, and ask him to come and see her.

She must also find a hiding-place where she could wait safely for him in case he did not get - or letter till late that night. Her guardian owned an unoccupied house in the St. John's Wood Road. If only she could get into that house she ought to be pretty safe there for a few hours. That would be her best hiding-place. She entered a little stationer's,

bought a packet of note-paper and envelopes, wrote a brief note to Mahoney, and posted it. Near the post box was a large cinema, and at the sight of it she paused again. In order to reach the house in St. John's Wood she had practically to cross London. Mahoney would not receive her letter before about nine that evening; if he came in late he would not receive it till midnight or later. It would be safer for her, she reflected, to cross London after dark than in broad daylight; in the meantime she could remain fairly safely hidden inside that cinema.

She bought a ticket and entered the darkness of the picture theater. With a sigh of relief, she sank into the softly cushioned seat. Here, for five or six hours, she would be safe.

MAHONEY waited for about a couple of hours in the empty house in St. John's Wood Road where Lee-Ramsden had sent him. The time passed very slowly; he chafed at his inactivity. All the time he was wondering what was happening, what Lawson was doing, and whether Bassett and his band of toughs would have had time to take advantage of the warning. Lee-Ramsden was supposed to have sent them.

It was about four in the afternoon when he heard a sound of wheels on the gravel drive that led up to the house. Looking through the window he saw that a car had drawn up at the front door. Two men were dismounting from it, one of whom was carrying a suit-case. Thank heaven, thought Mahoney, here at last was his disguise.

He went down and opened the front door. One of the men spoke to him.

"Is your name Mahoney?" he asked.

"Yes," answered Mahoney.

"I and my friend have been sent here with directions to disguise you so that no one can recognize you," said the man.

"Good. Come along inside," invited Mahoney.

He showed them into the empty drawing-room.

"Is this job going to take long?" he asked.

"Half an hour or so," answered the man. "It isn't easy to disguise a man in a way that will defy detection. Now do you mind standing here, well in the light, and keeping quite still?"

He stood in front of Mahoney, looking him up and down, while his companion wandered restlessly about the room.

"Stand quite still," he said.

And as he spoke, he made a bad mistake. His glance left Mahoney, starting over his shoulder at his companion, who was just behind Mahoney, and there was an expression of tense excitement in his eyes that could not be accounted for by any interest he took in transforming Mahoney's appearance.

Mahoney turned sharply, moving slightly to one side. That movement just saved him. The clubbed revolver, wielded by the man behind him, missed his head and struck him a glancing blow on the shoulder.

That blow hurt Mahoney; it also angered him. It seemed to him that everywhere he went he encountered treachery, and he was fed up with it. With a sharp, vicious movement he brought over his right flat in a short hook, and all the strength of his anger and all the power of his right shoulder were behind the blow.

It took the man who had just struck at him fairly on the angle of the jaw. With a heavy bump the man sprawled flat on his back.

And then Mahoney sprang at the other man; as he did so the man sprang to meet him. There was a brief, fierce interchange of blows, each man hitting out with all his strength. The fight lasted about twenty seconds. A tremendous right cross to the jaw followed by a left hook to the stomach ended it. Mahoney's opponent sank to the ground out for the count.

Both his adversaries were, for the time being, out of action. He stepped quickly across the room, and opened the suit-case which he had brought. It contained nothing but a coil of strong rope. Mahoney laughed a trifle grimly at that.

He turned out the pockets of the two men, then tied them securely with the rope they had brought with which to tie him. There was nothing of any great interest in their pockets, but both men, he noticed, had cards of membership of the Golden Centipede Club. Evidently that club was used by nearly all Lawson's band of crooks.

Leaving the two men tied up on the floor of the empty drawing-room, he left the house.

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Mahoney gets information from Kennedy, tomorrow, which surprises him.

Keeney Is Granted Architect's License

The Oregon state board of architectural examiners announce that Robert J. Keeney has been granted a license to practice the profession of architecture in Oregon. To secure a license the applicant must be a graduate of an approved school of architecture, and he must have three years of practical experience in a registered office.

Mr. Keeney is associated with Frank C. Clark. Their new modern offices in the Fluhrer building at the corner of Main and Central are rapidly nearing completion.

Mr. Clark was president of the state board of examiners during the past year.

Mahoney Spent \$168 SALEM, Nov. 9.—(AP)—George M. Cleveland spent \$168.49 in behalf of the Willis Mahoney campaign, expenditure reports to the secretary of state showed today. James A. Titus, secretary of the Astoria Township club, spent \$35 in Mahoney's behalf.

Phone 543. We'll haul away your refuse. City Sanitary Service.

STRANGE AS IT SEEMS—By JOHN HIX

For further proof address the author, inclosing a stamped envelope for reply. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

ONE IN TWO MILLION... GEORGE CRETZER-DEWUM PICKED 20 WINNERS OUT OF 20 IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS FOOTBALL GUESSING CONTEST. THE FIRST PERFECT SCORE MADE OUT OF 2,000,000 ENTRIES OVER A PERIOD OF 8 YEARS... NOV. 1934.

SWOOPING TO EARTH AFTER HIS MOTOR EXPLODED AT 12,000 FEET, SERGEANT JOHN GEDERS, JR., KIRKWOOD, MO., CRASHED HIS PLANE IN HIS FATHER'S BACKYARD... - AUG. 30, 1936 -

"AMBITION" ORIGINALLY MEANT "TO SOLICIT VOTES" (From the Latin "Ambitio")

THE MURDEROUS MONGOL—JENGHIZ KHAN—AT THE HEAD OF HIS MONGOL WARRIORS—SLAUGHTERED 13,500,000 HUMAN BEINGS... OVER TWICE THE TOTAL NUMBER OF ALL THE MEN KILLED IN THE WORLD WAR!

The Murderous Mongol. Ominous was the birth of Jenghiz Khan, the man who was to cause more deaths than probably any human who ever lived. It is recorded that his father, Yesukai, emperor of the Mongols, returned from a successful campaign against the Tartars in 1162, to find that a son had been born to him—born with a blood clot in his clenched fist.

Accepting this as an omen, Yesukai named his new-born man child Temuchin, the name of the Tartar chieftain whom the Mongol emperor had defeated and slain.

Upon the death, 13 years later, of Yesukai, young Temuchin ascended the Mongol throne and his reign of butchery was on. For 31 years he fought to keep his throne from retreating Mongol tribes. During this period he took the name by which he is known today, Jenghiz Khan, "The Perfect Warrior." By 1206 he had firmly established his rule and at last turned his thought to external conquest.

Through Chinese cities and provinces his wild Mongol hordes poured, massacring huge numbers of the inhabitants. Then through India and even into Europe, Jenghiz Khan unleashed his formidable forces, spreading death and destruction wherever they went.

Turning homeward, his bloodthirsty soul sated with slaughter, he was seized with an illness and died, 1227, ending the career of the greatest conqueror the world has ever known.

With all the deadly weapons of modern warfare, the huge total of more than 8,338,000 men were killed during the World War—but a conservative estimate of 13,500,000 men died at the hands of Jenghiz Khan and his Mongol warriors!

TAILSPIN TOMMY—The "Reporter" Is Confused!

THE SECRET OF THE NEW TRANSPORT LINE TO BE LAUNCHED BY THREE-POINT HAS ALREADY LEAKED OUT.

PAUL SMITH IS SEATED AT HIS DESK AS A TALL MAN ENTERS...

PARDON ME, MR. SMITH, I REPRESENT THE GLOBE-NEWS... WE'D LIKE TO KNOW MORE ABOUT YOUR NEW AIR LINE...

WELL... WE SHALL HAVE LATEST EQUIPMENT... DUO-MOTORED SLEEPER PLANES FOR OVER-NIGHT RUNS...

BUT... OF COURSE YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO USE ANY OF YOUR PRESENT PILOTS?...

ON THE CONTRARY, I PLAN TO HAVE TWO OF MY BOYS, TOMMY AND SKEMMER GO TO SAN DIEGO AND TAKE THE TEST FOR SHIPS OF OVER 7000 POUNDS... TO QUALIFY FOR...

ERR... SORRY... BUT I'M APOST ON THE DEADLINE... GOT TO GET MY STORY ON THE WIRE RIGHT NOW

THAT'S THE BOYS... COMING IN NOW... STICK AROUND... AND YOU CAN INTERVIEW THEM!

2651

BEN WEBSTER'S CAREER—The New "Friend"

WELL, CUTHBERT TUTTLE, OR MAYBE I SHOULD SAY, SIR SPEARMAN LEWIS, GO FAR 'ER GO GOOD!

- YOU'VE MET THE BLIGHTERS AND THEY'RE NONE THE WIGER-PETTY, THE OLD FOLK, FELL LIKE A RIPE APPLE - GO, TOO, DID THE YOUNG LIPSTART!

WAIT TILL I WRITE THE LOLLIPOP ABOUT US MEETIN' A KLUKHT ON THE THIRD DAY OUT ON THE OCEAN -

AW GAY BEN, HE MAY BE A BORN ARISTOCRAT, 'CAUSE HE'S THE MAN-NEER'S O'ONE, BUT I'M GAVIN' HES JUST AS DEMOCRATIC AS I AM AN' THAT'S SAYIN' SOMETHING!

8-7

THE NEBBS—Out of the Fog

THAT'S A BREAK! WE JUST REACHED THE SHORE BY INCHES!

BREAK? WE'D HAVE A BREAK IF WE STAYED UP

WE HAVE PLENTY OF GAS - MUST BE THAT THE FEED LINE IS PLUGGED

I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT AND I HOPE YOU CAN FIX IT SOON IF YOU START TO USE THAT WRENCH, KINDLY REMEMBER WHERE YOU TAKE THE PIECES OFF FROM, I'VE NEVER WANTED TO BE A ROBINSON CRUSOE

I DON'T KNOW WHEN I FELL FOR THIS TRIP WITH YOU WHEN I COULD SEE THAT NOTHING WOULD KEEP THAT THING UP BUT A RIGHT-ABOUT PRAYER

WELL, IT AIN'T TOO LATE TO CHANGE YOUR MIND - I TOOK YOU HALF WAY - I'LL GIVE YOU \$100 BACK AND YOU WALK

11-5

SEEING THE WORLD

By GLUYAS WILLIAMS

IS LEFT ALONE IN NURSERY. DECIDES HE'D LIKE TO SEE SOME MORE OF THE WORLD

CRAWLS TOWARD DOOR WHICH IS AJAR.

TRIES TO SWING IT OPEN BUT CAN'T GET IT VERY FAR BECAUSE HIS FEET ARE IN THE WAY

REALIZES THE TROUBLE AT LAST, REMOVES FEET AND SWINGS DOOR WIDE

CRAWLS TRIUMPHANTLY OUT INTO THE WORLD

DIDN'T REALIZE HALL WOULD LOOK SO DARK OR LONG OR LONELY

BEGINS TO FEEL GREAT URGE TO BE BACK IN HIS WARM, SUNNY NURSERY. TURNS BACK BUT FINDS DOOR HAS SWUNG SHUT

FINDS DOOR NO LONGER RESPONDS TO HIS PUSHING. GETS A LITTLE PANICKY

DECIDES HE'S SEEN ALL OF THE WORLD HE WANTS TO AND SUMMONS HELP

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S MATTER POP—

By C. M. PAYNE

POP

SMATTER?

MAKE WILLYUM QUIT TEMPTING ME!

Tomorrow: Capital for a Day!

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By HAL FORREST

By HAL FORREST

2651

By EDWIN ALGER

By EDWIN ALGER

8-7

By SOL HESS

By SOL HESS

11-5

MEDFORD MAN BUYS FARM OF 800 ACRES NEAR FORT KLAMATH

Mr. Houston plans to develop the ranch for clover seed and for feeding out cattle, the section being considered one of the best grazing areas in the west. The tract is situated in the upper Klamath marsh about 18 miles north of Fort Klamath. Mr. and Mrs. Houston will continue to reside here.

Mr. Spencer also announced the sale, through Brown & White, of the residence at 235 North Oakdale avenue to Mrs. Ethelwyn B. Hoffmann, proprietor of the women's apparel shop bearing her name.

The dwelling was owned by Mrs. Minnie Lee Wise of Mankato, Minn., and has been occupied by Mrs. Hoffmann as a house. The residence is to be thoroughly modernized by the new owner, Mr. Spencer said.

Linn Valuation
ALBANY, Nov. 9.—(AP)—Linn county's valuation has been set at \$25,891,332 by Assessor W. C. Tompkinson. The figure represents a decrease of \$206,894 for the year.

MEDFORD MAN BUYS FARM OF 800 ACRES NEAR FORT KLAMATH

Sale of an 800-acre farm near Fort Klamath was announced yesterday by Clinton Spencer, manager of the real estate department of Brown & White, realty and insurance agency. The transaction was described as a cash deal.

The tract was purchased by J. E. Houston, who came here from Idaho some months ago and bought the former Reddy residence at 122 Oregon Terrace, Medford showplace, where he and Mrs. Houston now reside. The farm was owned by H. G. Lytton of San Marino, Calif., and is known as the old Bennett place.